THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1906, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va., at 35 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at 25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....35 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$4.20 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$3.00 per year

No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this paper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Office, Nassau-Beekman Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell, Managers.

Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell, Managers.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1906.

Adhering to Traditional Policy.

The so-called Algeciras treaty, which has been ratified by the Senate, was signed by the American plenipotentiaries with the important reservation that the United States should not incur obligation or responsibility for the enforcement of any of its provisions.

The Senate, however, in ratifying the treaty, went a step further by the adoption of a resolution declaring the understanding of that branch of the treaty-making power to be that the participation of the United States in the Algeciras conference and in the formulation and adoption of the convention there agreed upon was "without purpose to depart from the traditional American foreign policy, which forbids participation by the United States in the settlement of political questions which are entirely European in their scope." All honor to Senator Hale for suggesting, and to the Senate itself for adopting this eminently proper safeguard.

To what extent this declaration of American foreign policy may be considered binding upon the executive branch of the government is conjectural, seeing that the Presidential initiative in matters of foreign policy is unhampered and unrestrained save by precedent; but we are not without hope that the Jeffersonian maxim, "No entangling alliances," will for all time continue the guiding principle of our relations with the nations of the earth.

Still, even at $5,000 per annum, Congress ought to be thankful that Uncle Sam pays them by the year, and not by the job.

Services for Peace.

The third Sunday in December—that is to-morrow—has been selected by the advocates of the world's peace as the day on which special effort shall be made to bring the question of international arbitration before the people. A circular has been issued by twenty of the prominent supporters of the international peace proposals asking that the matter be brought before the congregations of the churches without regard to denomination or creed.

The exact request of the committee is, "Let every church of every name give a hearing on Peace Sunday, the third Sunday of December, or at some other suitable time, to its own minister, or else to some other capable speaker, who shall show by illustration and object lesson how needless war will be in the truly civilized world. Let there also be definite instruction with regard to this peculiarly suitable subject in every Sunday school."

This request is modest enough and moderate enough, and is not saddled, as so many similar efforts are, with a request for a collection to help the cause along. But is anything to be accomplished by such an observance of a "Peace Sunday?" The theories about international arbitration are wonderful in their simplicity, and it is one of the easiest things in the world to point out the waste of war, the suffering it entails, the homes it renders desolate; but one cannot help thinking how shortly it was after the Czar of all the Russias called for a peace conference at The Hague that he found himself involved in a war from whose effects there has resulted a revolution within his borders that is carrying his nation toward a higher civilization and a better government than it has ever known.

It is the rulers, the representatives of nations, who make war, but not without pressure behind them. There is in the average human heart so much of the old Adam that we are quick to resent insults, eager to avenge injuries; and until this gray old world reaches the milenium it will probably always be so. It was not the President of the United States who declared war on Spain; it was the people—it was the burning indignation of 75,000,000 people over the destruction of the Maine.

There is no use in crying "Peace, peace, when there is no peace!" And though it seems most appropriate that there should be stronger efforts toward the policy of international arbitration as the time approaches of "Peace on earth, good will to men," there is, after all, but slight utility in the project.

The inheritance tax is not so bad. It will simply divert a part of the money from the lawyers to the Treasury.

The Death of New Spelling.

The House of Representatives has administered the coup de grace to President Roosevelt's order directing government officials to adopt the fads and fancies of the simplified spelling board. The reform has been blighted in its infancy. We are to retain for the present, at least, the orthography to which we are accustomed.

With tearful eyes, we bid adieu, therefore, to "thru," and "thoroly," and "opprest," and the other 297 words in the famous list promulgated by the spelling reformers and indorsed by President Roosevelt. We shall exist without them as best we may; but, even while we say good-by, it may not be inappropriate to dwell for a moment upon some of the features which the situation presents. Briefly analyzed, these demonstrate two things: First, that no reform can hope to be successful until it is shown that it is necessary and that the world is ready to accept it; and, second, that the edict of a President is not all-powerful enough to fasten an objectionable thing upon the American people.

The crusade for simplified spelling, so called, was not undertaken in response to any public demand. Some of our words are incongruous, it is true, and some of them are characterized by a multiplicity of letters. On the whole, however, the world is satisfied with the present orthography, and as long as this continues to be the case it will be useless to expect any radical changes to be universally approved. All successful and effective reforms have had their inception in a public need. Spelling reform will be successful only when there is a general appreciation of the shortcomings of the present system, a situation which will result in popular co-operation toward the desired change.

The action of the President retarded rather than aided the movement in the direction of new spelling. The American people are not accustomed to having improvement pills forcibly rammed down their throats, so to speak. They are apt to buck and strangle over the operation, and, as shown in this instance, may finally refuse to swallow. At any rate, Presidential edicts are something new in our history, and it is no wonder that this particular declaration excited opposition. We are more accustomed to laws enacted in constitutional fashion, and we obey these laws because we know that they are approved by the representatives of the people, and are made necessary by the conditions which they seek to regulate.

A Virginia contemporary suggests the happy idea of allowing Texas to decide as to Bailey's guilt or innocence. This would be a novel and unheard of proceeding upon the part of outsiders, but it is a fine suggestion to adopt, for all that.

A Lobby—And Another Lobby.

Of course, the King of Belgium has had lobbyists, or agents, at work in this country. A very clumsy, brazen crowd they appear to have been, too. But let us not deal too harshly with them. We do not see that any particular harm has been done, unless it be to the King himself and his interests in the Congo. If anybody has been corrupted, anybody of importance, by these blatant emissaries and Kingly-commissioned adventurers, the fact is yet to be disclosed. But we are glad the lime-light has been turned upon them, and their devious methods exposed, for it may teach the Belgian government, and possibly other foreign governments, as well, that it is the part of wisdom to transact any business they may have in this country through the properly constituted agencies—their ministers and their consuls. In the case of the Congo, certainly Baron Monchcur ought to have been deemed entirely competent to guard the interests of his government.

If King Leopold, however, really finds it necessary to maintain a lobby or conduct a propaganda, he should follow the example of the anti-Congo crowd, and do it in a smooth, up-to-date manner. For years we have seen concurrent action in Liverpool and Boston—greedy merchants joining hands across the sea with unselfish, well-meaning people in carrying on a crusade that, in the very nature of things, must involve a heavy outlay of money, but with everything done in the name of humanity, so adroitly and effectively that evidences of the lobby and propaganda have been completely concealed. Tales are told that harrow our souls, shock the moral sense of the whole country, and at times prompt the people to rise up as one man and blot out the miserable misrule of the suffering Congo. It may or may not all be true. We do not know. An atrocity no sooner is announced than it is officially or semi-officially denied. Our own consul fails to verify the stories in their hideous details, it appears.

No one questions the righteous motives of the Christian people engaged in this crusade. It is just the sort of thing they should be engaged in, if but half the dreadful tales are true. Nevertheless, there is a lobby behind it all—a lobby that makes King Leopold and his agents appear the veriest amateurs.

Some day, possibly, we may learn the truth—the unvarnished truth—about actual conditions in the Congo, but we never expect to hear it through the King Leopold lobby or the Liverpool-Boston lobby. Meanwhile, we are inclined to think the United States government will devise a plan to intervene in the Congo. We shall be surprised, indeed, if it does not. What could be more in keeping with our policies and ambitions as a world power? This strong centralized government of ours has mighty duties to perform. Will it shirk them? Never.

A Kansas editor wants Mr. Harriman elected to succeed Mr. Roosevelt in the Presidency. That would bring about a certain form of government ownership of the railroads which Mr. Bryan would be overwhelmingly certain not to indorse.

The Constitution in the Way.

Whether Secretary Root's speech on the subject of centralization was a plea or a warning, its vast significance cannot be overlooked or minimized. That he voiced the matured opinion of the administration is the feature of chief importance. The present administration is more powerful in the affairs of one of the great political parties of the country than any administration since the days of Lincoln. Hence, the Secretary of State has probably defined a policy or sounded an alarm which will be heeded by the Republican party. If its control of the Federal government is to be continued, its platform declarations will have to speak out plainly and clearly in future on the subject of concentrating in Washington the powers of government which the framers of the Constitution thought they had distributed among or reserved to the States. Thus, the issue will be squarely drawn. The people will be given an opportunity to indicate their preference for the old or the proposed new system.

There is a great barrier between the centralizationists and their goal. The Constitution of the United States is that barrier. No other government has its powers so unmistakably defined and limited as has that of the United States. Certain vital functions still are confined to the States, although the Congress for the past decade or so has been ignoring that pregnant fact. For example, in the extension of its police power over the affairs of the people in the States Congress has imposed upon the Federal government a function which the Supreme Court more than once has declared unwarranted by the Constitution; but this does not deter the lawmakers from persisting in a course which the judiciary is likely to check by its mandate whenever its authority is invoked.

A dangerous tendency of our national lawmakers is to ignore constitutional restraints and limitations under the influence of popular clamor. The Congress of the United States, in thus following the line of least resistance, arrogates to itself the powers and prerogatives of the British Parliament, upon whose powers there are no constitutional limitations. The British Parliament, in fact, is a constitutional convention as well as a legislative assembly, as is that of France, and in a sense also that of Germany. As our Congress has no right to ignore the Constitution, neither has it the power to amend that instrument. The process of emendation or revision is clearly defined by the Constitution itself; and although this process is extremely difficult of achievement, the people have always responded to a demand for amendments to meet new and changed conditions. Following the civil war, two amendments—the fourteenth and fifteenth—were added, and these additions have increased the powers and responsibilities of the Federal government beyond a point that was not contemplated by the fathers, and which has not yet been fully realized by the people.

Before another twist can be given to the screws of centralization, such apparently as that advocated by Mr. Root, the constitutional barriers now in the way will have to be swept aside by amendments authorized by the people of the several States. When they are called on to do this they will put on their thinking caps and do some very serious and careful cogitation. Meantime, every thoughtful American citizen should hope for an early test in the Supreme Court of the constitutionality of certain centralization laws enacted by the Congress within the past decade or so.

An Unequal Partnership.

"The American public is the partner in almost every enterprise where great fortunes are made honorably."—Andrew Carnegie.

Yes; and the American public was a silent but heavily contributing partner in the fortune made by Andrew Carnegie. Tariff taxation, that was levied on every consumer of iron and steel in the country in the form of monopolistic prices, swelled the Carnegie millions. Loose and inadequate incorporation laws, permitting the issuance of watered stock, enabled the formation of the steel trust and the purchase at a high figure of the Carnegie properties, thus swelling the Carnegie fortune still more.

Mr. Carnegie is willing that the government should take a substantial share of his fortune, if he leaves any, after he is gone. But would the imposition of an inheritance tax restore to the people a tithe of the sum taken from them by exorbitant tariff taxation during the period of their partnership with Mr. Carnegie?

Why should not the public dissolve a partnership which has resulted in so unequal a distribution of profits as that which has built up the enormous fortunes of the iron kings?

Nicholas, Czar of Russia, will never cease to regret the passing away of the Jap-Yankee war cloud. Just think what a time Nicholas could have had acting as peacemaker between Japan and America. And he might have captured the Nobel peace prize, too.

A St. Louis woman wants a divorce because her husbands gave her only 60 cents a year. Of course, no woman could put up with such a figure as that.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson says it is a patriot's duty to accept office when tendered. The doctor is infringing upon Gen. Grosvenor's copyright.

A statistician estimates the swag of New York thieves during the past year to be something over a million dollars. A gross error; Wall streeters have cleaned up more than that in a single day.

With the King of Dahomey dead and the Shah of Persia almost in the same fix, the visible supply of widows seems far in excess of the demand.

The man behind the gun is all right, but we are having just a trifle too much of the lady behind the gun.

Bradstreet's says, "The Christmas trade is breaking all records." And that isn't all it is breaking, either.

A New York woman uses a phonograph in making out her case on useless and disturbing noises. As a horrible example, probably.

Young Mr. Rockefeller says he is a total abstainer because the first glass of beer is apt to lead to a desire for more. Yes; the appetite for more is pretty well defined in the Rockefeller family.

Sir Thomas Lipton denies the soft impeachment. Really, you know, the young lady is charming; but Sir Thomas regrets, &c. Sir Thomas is right there with his gallantry, every time; but it stops just short of the altar.

A new germ has been discovered and will have to stagger through life under the name of Histopiasma capsulata. Scientists have not yet decided in which department of the germ business this stranger works; so, if you happen to meet one, you cannot possibly determine what sort of a lemon he is tendering you.

Forty-seven more Pulajanes have bit the dust. This seems to be the Pulajane's only way to get his name in the papers.

"Senator Smoot faces the situation tranquilly," notes a contemporary. The Senator and the situation are old, old friends, and have faced each other time and again. Why should not the utmost tranquility prevail?

The impending change in the Navy Department will make the fifth Secretary of the Navy during the past five years. This position seems to be a popular place for aspiring statesmen to hesitate.

Mr. Roosevelt is said to have stated that he would withdraw his simplified spelling orders if they proved to be unpopular. It is now his move.

If the balance of them follow Senator Burrows' lead and each speaks six hours on the Smoot case, the Senator from Utah will no doubt be thankful for an excuse to get out.

If Mr. Riddle, the new Ambassador to Russia, is wise, he will live right up to his name, and keep things to himself.

Gov.-elect Hughes is said to have been "dee-light-ed" with his reception at the White House. He probably would not object to a protracted stay there, at a not too distant period.

Mark Twain says a man in a claw-hammer coat looks like a crow. The man in the claw-hammer will politely refrain from mentioning to Mark what a man in a white flannel suit in the middle of December looks like.

Zoltan de Takach Gyongyoshasaszy is the latest musical fad. Why not simplify his name to Gy?

The Louisville Courier-Journal thinks the President's message was entirely too long. Surely the Courier-Journal would not have had Mr. Roosevelt hand Congress a lot of pert paragraphs?

Senator-elect Jeff Davis, who declares he never will wear a dress suit at any time, and Representative J. Warren Keifer, who wears one morning, noon, and night, ought to get together early in the next session and see if they cannot agree upon a middle course.

It is said that Mr. Bryan is making more money writing than he would make in salary if he were President. But Mr. Bryan had rather be President than write.

And They're All Busy.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

France has reached the glory summit. She has eight editors in her cabinet.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE QUESTION.

The clouds are densely massed above;
The skies are dark and threaten snow;
But this is what I'm thinking of:
"How far will twenty dollars go?"

The shoppers throng the busy street.
I eddy with the tide and flow,
And to myself these words repeat:
"How far will twenty dollars go?"

In this rich crowd I feel alone.
My eye is dull; my step is slow,
As ever and anon I moan:
"How far will twenty dollars go?"

Some think of play and some of love
In this erratic world below,
But this is what I'm thinking of:
"How far will twenty dollars go?"

Ever Suspicious.

The lion and the lamb had lain down together.
Whereat many rejoiced.
But others doubted, and intimated that it was for the gate receipts, merely.

Way It Works.

She started in quite early
And got her shopping done,
And now her friends (poor girlie!)
Are having all the fun.

No Private Chutes.

"I suppose you had hardships in the old days, grandpop?"

"Hardships! Many a time I got up and walked four blocks to borrow a book from a Carnegie library."

Fitted for It.

"Marie Studholme is to star in a new piece called 'Everybody's Darling.'"

"Is that so? Why was Lillian Russell overlooked?"

All It Amounts To.

"The wise folks began unusually early this year."

"Began what?"

"Advising people to do their shopping early."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

UNCLE WILLIAM'S SNORE.

When Uncle William comed to stay
An' visit at our house
My mamma made me stop my play
An' keep still as a mouse.
Because my uncle haf to take
A nap, to get some rest,
An' mamma say if I don't make
Much noise it will be best.

So, Uncle William—He's as bald!
An' got a double chin!—
He say 'at he like to be called
When papa has come in.
An' nen lay down to go to sleep,
An' I just keep as still
An' never even go to peep
Like sometimes childerns will!

An' by-un-bye, why, there's a sound
Like when you're sawin' wood
Or when you whirl a can around
An get it hummin' good.
An' nen it changed to awful howls
Like lions when they roar—
"G-r-oo! Gr-r-roo!" Tre-menjus howls
'At fairly shook the floor!

An' I ast mamma what it is
An' she just smile an' say:
"It's nothing but that snore of his—
He always slept that way."
An' when he's slept all through his nap
He dressed up spick an' span
An' say: "Sleep's good for any chap—
I feel another man!"

So he stayed here two weeks. Yes, sir!
An' nights he'd snore an' snore;
He'd start off with a little purr
An' then change to a roar.
An' sometimes he would choke an' choke
An' seem to lose his breath,
An' papa'd say: "Well, that's a joke—
He's snored himself to death!"

But in a night or two, why, we
Kept gettin' use to it;
His snores—however loud they'd be—
We didn't mind a bit,
Now Uncle William's gone away
An' we don't sleep no more—
We lie awake till almost day
A-waiting for his snore.

BACK TO ITS SOURCE.

"You people in America," says the tourist, "are making the mistake of the century by cutting down your magnificent forests."

"Ah," replies the native, with much pride, "but you should observe that all the timber thus cut out is being replaced on or near its original site in the shape of bill boards."

IN COMPARISON.

"The poor," we say, philosophically, "have their compensations. Do you suppose the little rich child has half the joy in receiving a gift that costs thousands of dollars that the little poor child has in receiving one that costs but a few cents?"

"Huh!" growls our pessimistic friend. "Maybe not. But I'll bet you that the little rich child would be a blamed sight madder in comparison if it got the gift costing the few cents."

WILBUR NESBIT.

Politest on Record.

From the Philadelphia North American.

The most polite man has been found in Robert Wilder, of Clarksburg, W. Va. He has never been known to say a cross word to anybody, and he is respected highly by his relatives, which is saying a great deal.

When Wilder was held up by a highwayman near Dugan's dam, Mr. Wilder handed over $13.25, and apologized for not having more with him.

Wilder smiles when a person tramps on his corn, and congratulates his wife on her discernment when she calls him names.

Taken ill one day, he insisted upon telephoning the undertaker, expressing regret at the trouble he might cause him.

He Didn't Fear.

From the Argonaut.

When Kipling was twelve years old his father took him on a sea voyage, and as Kipling senior suffered badly from sea sickness he left the boy to his own devices. Presently a tremendous commotion was heard and the boatswain dashed into Mr. Kipling's cabin, shouting at the top of his voice: "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yardarm! If he lets go he'll drown to a certainty!" "Yes," said the sufferer, falling back on his pillow, "but he won't let go!"

We Can't Help It.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The New York Times points out that Stephen A. Douglas said of Cuba in 1858, "It is a matter of no consequence whether we want it or not, we are compelled to take it." We may perform the duty of annexation as the little boy caught the itch, "'cause we can't help it."

Better Children, Not More.

From the Kansas City Journal.

If he must dabble in such matters, President Roosevelt should advocate better families, instead of larger ones.

When We Reck Not of Wrecks.

From the Ohio State Journal.

There will evidently be no such thing as a wreckless railroad until the reckless trainman is abolished.

Christmas Version of It.

Everybody shops but father, he hops 'round all day
Stirring up his debtors so that he can pay.
Mother, she buys presents, so does Sister Ann.
Everybody shops at our house but our old man.
—Cleveland Leader.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Speaker Was Austere.

Ripples of laughter that gathered in strength until they exploded in loud guffaws characterized the proceedings of the House yesterday during the consideration of the salaries-increase bill. Nearly every statesman who tackled the subject submitted remarks that were either consciously or unconsciously humorous. At any rate, the nerves of the House were wrought up to a pitch that required only the very slightest cause to arouse its risibilities. But the Speaker seemed not to share in the merriment. Austerely he sat upon his high seat and tapped reprovingly with his gavel at every outburst of laughter. Boldly the Hon. Oscar W. Underwood opposed the whole scheme, even including that paragraph in the bill which raises the Speaker's salary from $8,000 to $12,000. Uncle Joe did not rap once while the Alabamian held the floor and argued against the necessity and the policy of the measure. Over in the far corner of the Republican side there rose a tall form. Uncle Joe's eagle eye caught the tall form in a jiffy.

"Does the gentleman from Alabama yield to the gentleman from New York?" inquired the Speaker.

"He does," replied Mr. Underwood.

From the lips of the tall form there was shot at the Alabamian this question:

"Will the gentleman tell the House how much it costs him to live in Washington?"

"A-a-a-h!" came a mighty exclamation from all parts of the chamber.

"The gentleman from Alabama," replied Mr. Underwood, "does not hesitate to state that when in Washington it costs him all he makes to live, but that it does not cost him that much at home."

"O-o-o-o-oh!" the House groaned and grinned again in chorus.

Gaines to the Fore.

John Wesley Gaines took the bit in his mouth early in the proceedings, of the House yesterday on the salaries-increase bill, and held it there all through the debate.

"Didn't the gentleman from Alabama vote to increase the salaries of Federal judges?" he asked Mr. Underwood, who was speaking against the increase bill.

"I did," calmly replied the Alabamian.

Then the Tennessean wanted to know if a Congressman was not worth as much as a Federal judge.

Mr. Gaines was on his feet soon again. His colleague, Mr. Sims, was speaking in favor of the bill.

"I want to tell the gentleman right here what Senator Tillman told me not long ago," shouted the Hon. J. Wesley, wildly waving both hands above his head. "Senator Tillman," he went on to say, "told me that if he should try to live on his salary in Washington, he and his family would starve to death."

"Well," responded Mr. Sims, "I don't believe there is a member of this House who wants Senator Tillman to starve to death."

Gillett Is Crestfallen.

Hon. Frederick Huntington Gillett, of the Second Massachusetts district, is the most crestfallen looking statesman in Washington to-day. When he entered the House yesterday everybody took a crack at him sotto voce. He had fought valiantly for spelling reform, and the complete squelching of that movement the day before seems to have overwhelmed Mr. Gillett with shame. He had not the slightest hint from the White House, so it is said, that the great reform movement was to be deserted in that quarter. He had espoused it in the line of party and patriotic duty, and when he learned that the President had dropped it and left him to hold the bag he was unprepared to believe that such was the case. His colleagues on both sides of the House hazed him from his entrance to his departure yesterday.

"Now that we are going to save the English language from ruthless mutilation at the hands of you and Carnegie and the President," said Champ Clark to Mr. Gillett, "we are thinking of passing a law compelling you people in Massachusetts not only to spell correctly, but also to give every word in the language its proper pronunciation. No more of your broad 'a's' in these diggings, if you please, Mr. Gillett.

A Boom for Kitchin.

Gov. Claude Swanson, who had to resign his seat in the House a few months ago at the call of his grateful constituents in Virginia to become their chief executive, visited the scenes of his former triumphs the other day. One of his chums in the House while he was a member of that body was Hon. W. W. Kitchin, of North Carolina, who is still there.

"You ought to be the governor of your State, Kitchin," declared Gov. Swanson, "and I am going to start your boom right away. It's easy when you know how, and so here goes."

Forthwith Gov. Swanson began to circulate around among the North Carolina delegation and sing the praises of Mr. Kitchin. None of them attempted to gainsay any of the fine things the Virginia governor had to say about his former chum, and before he left the Capitol Gov. Swanson had launched a gubernatorial boom for Mr. Kitchin, the noise of which is now reverberating all over the Tar Heel State.

New York in the Cabinet.

When Mrs. Oscar S. Straus becames Secretary of Commerce and Labor in the rearrangement of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, the State of New York will have the unusual honor of being represented by three Cabinet officers at the same time, and the entrance of Mr. Garfield into the Cabinet will give Ohio two positions. With the retirement of Secretary Shaw, Iowa will have but one Cabinet officer in Secretary Wilson, now the senior member of the President's official family in point of continuous service. Six States will furnish all the members of the reorganized Cabinet; New York supplying three, Ohio two, and California, Iowa, Maryland, and Massachusetts one each. Geographical consideration in the past have not infrequently had much to do with Cabinet making, and personal fitness and conceded qualification have more than once had to give way to the claims of State or locality. But Mr. Roosevelt has never allowed precedent or custom to hinder him in his methods or alter his plans, and tradition apparently cuts but a small figure with him in Cabinet building. In wealth, population, and commercial importance, New York has long occupied a commanding position in national affairs, and in political affairs is a powerful factor always. Its Cabinet record is unique. Twenty-eight citizens of New York have held Cabinet positions, serving under twenty-two of the twenty-five Presidents. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Gen. Zachary Taylor were the only Presidents in whose Cabinets no New Yorker held place; but every portfolio in the Cabinet has at various periods been held by a citizen of the Empire State, except that of the Department of Agriculture. The name of Alexander Hamilton heads the list as Secretary of the Treasury in the first Cabinet of Washington, and the long list of his successors in Cabinet stations embraces names honorably interwoven with the best traditions of the republic.

Easily Followed.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A French professor says he is following up clews that will reveal to him the mystery of the creation of plant life. He followed up a strong scent when he chased down the onion.

GROWING FEDERAL POWER.

Comments on Mr. Root's Advocacy of Centralized Government.

From the New York Sun.

The advocates of State rights will never inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States. They will never inveigh against the constitutional extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control. All that they demand is that the laws in which the Federal government asserts its supremacy shall be constitutional laws, and that the method of extending national authority in the fields of necessary control shall be the method prescribed by the Constitution itself.

If Mr. Root holds to that doctrine the advocates of State rights have no quarrel with him. That he did mean in his speech of night before last to provide that the assertion of Federal supremacy must be by laws which are constitutional, and that the extension of Federal authority must be by constitutional amendment only, we have not a shadow of a doubt. Any other form of assertion, any other method of extension, would be revolutionary. Would that the occasion might come for the same eloquent speaker and broad-minded political philosopher to discuss a subject of equal, if not even superior present interests; namely, the centralization of Federal activity in the executive department of the Federal government, to the depletion of the legislative department and of the judiciary.

From the New York World.

But whatever Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root do, the great charter of American liberties will never lack a defender, so long as George F. Baer draws the breath of life. It was Mr. Baer who helped M. Morgan with the State rights applause when John Hay Brown answered the Secretary of State. As President of the Reading, Mr. Baer would shed his last drop of ink for the Constitution of the United States, although he is not so devoted to the constitution of Pennsylvania, which forbids railroads from mining coal.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

There is danger that this centralizing tendency will pass the limits of safety for the life of the system, which depends upon maintaining the vitality and vigor of the members, as well as of the central organ. There is danger of the gradual atrophy of States, while the national government gathers to itself an abnormal power of control over what are their proper functions.

Thomas F. Ryan, in New York World.

It has been said that the Democrats have no issues on which to go before the country in 1908. If that were true before, it is certainly not true to-day. Mr. Root has furnished us with a most admirable issue. All Democrats should feel under obligations to Mr. Root for the service he rendered in his speech.

From the Baltimore American.

The influences that have made and kept the nation may be relied upon to preserve the tie of common integrity consistently with the measure of autonomy that can be adequately exercised by the States.

MARSE HENRY ON TARIFF.

Wreck of Wilson Bill Beginning of the Democracy's Troubles.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is safe to say that the tariff, as it stands, is the most monstrous tax budget that ever existed in the world. It is a prodigy of fraudulent legislation. Mr. McKinley could not have stood a civil service examination upon the act that bore his name, nor Mr. Dingley; even Mr. Morrill but a partial examination. Every tariff schedule is a masked battery of special privilege, every tariff classification a rifle pit for the protecion lobby to get in its work of devastation against the raw militia, that is, the people. The Wilson bill was a jumble of Morrillism, Bainelsm, McKinleyism, and Dingleyism. It was so banged and battered in the House that when it got to the Senate no one or a dozen of the authors of its being would have recognized it, and what the Senate did to it—under Mr. Cleveland's instruction to "pass a bill"—was what Mr. Randall or Mr. Kelley, had they been alive, would have called "a-plenty."

Well might the Courier-Journal, which from the outset opposed the Wilson bill and for the reasons named, have called it "perfidy and dishonor." But it did not lie with Mr. Cleveland to use any such language, for he had been sufficiently warned, and, with his eyes wide open, he had rushed his bark upon the rocks. From that day to this Democracy has lain a splendid but helpless wreck, washed by the waves of socialism and factionism, the sport and prey of political adventurers, the easy and ready victim of the Republicans.

Willing to Let Her Pay.

From Answers.

"Much as it pains me to have to tell you, Mr. Simkins," said the fair Miss Robinson in tremulous tones, "I do not love you and so cannot accept the ring you gave me. Please, will you take it back?"

"Oh, I could not dream of doing such a thing," said Simkins gravely; "pray keep it in remembrance of me and my broken heart."

"Thank you! A thousand thanks," murmured the girl; "how good, how generous you are! I shall never, never part with it!"

"Oh, that's all right," answered Simkins, with his hand on the doorknob. "I'll tell the man you're solely responsible. You see, there are five monthly installments to pay on it yet. Good-by!" And before the astonished Miss Robinson could reply Simkins was running down the front door steps.

The Chain Intact.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

"I see there is another search being made for, the 'missing link,'" said the young man, trying to make conversation. "Now, I never felt any interest in the matter."

"Perhaps," said the young lady, kindly, "in your case, the link is not missing."

Still, this was poor excuse for the acrimony manifest in the slamming of the door after him.

A Sure Thing.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

One way to stave off the next revolution in Cuba is to keep the natives busy running for office.

THE BROKEN NOSE.

We've got a baby. Since it came
There's not a single thing the same.
I act just like I did before,
But no one loves me any more.
I guess I'd better run away.
I might as well, for if I stay
Who'll know or care? Perhaps a year
Will pass before they even hear.
I'll take the things I like the best,
My Sunday tie, my velvet vest,
The spotted eggs and bluebird's nest,
The autumn leaves that mother pressed,
The rabbit skin that father dressed.
All these I'll take and go out West.
I ought to start, but oh, the sky
Is dark to-day and very high!
Still, after all, I guess I'll wait
For father by the garden gate.
He'll maybe rough my hair and say:
"Well, well, my boy! How goes the day?
You're big enough to make it pay."
Oh, dear! I wish he'd come, though he
May never even notice me—
And yet I guess I'll wait and see.
—Louise Garnett, in American Magazine.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

An interesting visitor to Washington is Mr. Wilfred J. Spruson, of Sydney, Australia, who is at the New Willard. Formerly a member of the Australian parliament, representing the western district of Sydney, and by profession a civil engineer, Mr. Spruson is over here for the purpose of securing data that will help his native city to solve the problem of housing the working classes. He says:

"Sydney is a city whose problem of congestion is something similar to that of New York, for, like the latter city, we are builded on a peninsula, and the city has only one possible direction in which to grow. Unlike the laboring men in your cities, the Sydney laboring man lives hard by his work, in the heart of the city, and the problem is to house him comfortably and decently; to prevent overcrowding, and to provide proper sanitary and health conditions."

Mr. Spruson has visited some twenty-five American cities in the course of his investigation, and he says that three cities that have struck him as being most nearly ideal in their home conditions are Cleveland, Ohio, Indianapolis, and Los Angeles.

"The problem with us," he says, "is one of city reconstruction. It involves our transportation facilities, our business houses, and a host of minor details."

"Have the examples you have seen in America given you any help?"

"A great deal; but the thing that has struck me most in this country is your marvelous industrial activity—I wish we could have some of it in Australia. In this country, so far as I have been able to discover, there seems to be no poverty due to lack of employment. There is a lot of it in Australia. Another thing that has helped your American cities has been your wonderful street car and interurban system. Our system in Australia of graded fares is not working, I think, to the best advantage, and we are not particularly pleased over our experiments in government ownership of street railways. Under our system a passenger can not begin to ride anything like the distance for the reasonable fare your passengers do in this country, and the great number of passengers who get on and off the cars in the downtown, small fare districts reduces greatly the general average of fare paid. But those who wish to live on the outskirts of the city have to pay a good deal more than people of similar tastes in America.

"As to government ownership. In Sydney our street cars under government ownership carry about 140,000,000 people annually. The road pays a dividend of 3 1-4 per cent; in Melbourne, under private ownership, where they carry only 50,000,000 annually, the dividend is 24 per cent. We would like to know where the difference comes in. But it's the same way with all government-run enterprises.

"We have no color or foreign-element problem in Australia. Our motto is a white Australia," says Mr. Spruson, "and while we do not bar the Chinese and Japanese, we have an educational test. Our customs officers have the authority to require any colored immigrant, no matter where he comes from, to write fifty words in any European language. If a Japanese comes who can write the requiite number of words in English, he is told to write them in Greek or German—and that keeps them out."

"I believe the time will come when a citizen will be able to take the cars at Boston and go clear across the continent to San Francisco at no greater expense for his transporation than one dollar," was the rather startling statement made by Mr. James L. Cowles, of New York, at the Arlington. Mr. Cowles is secretary of the Postal Progress League, and he is absolutely sure that the railroad problem can be easily soived if the government will take over the railroads and operate them for the public welfare, just as it carries the mails.

"It may seem strange," he continued, "to people who haven't studied the matter to say a man could be carried 3,300 miles across this continent for $1, bbut I've figured it out that the thing can be done and that it can be made to pay. You see it isn't the distance a man goes that is a factor in the situation; it don't cost any more to take a passenger 1,000 miles than 100. The figure I give seems ridiculously low, but the same train that takes a few people a long distance will be taking a great many people short distances, putting them at intermediate points.

"I want this Congress to give $200,000 to test a matter that can be made a magnificent success, the establishment of a parcels-post system for the rural free delivery routes. Wagons and teams can be used to carry people and packages not exceeding 200 pounds in weight at a reasonable schedule of rates to the immense benefit of the farmers of the country."

Hon. Ben T. Cable, of Rock Island, Ill., who for a good while has been considered the leading Democrat of his State, was cordially welcomed when he appeared in the Willard lobby last evening. Mr. Cable is somewhat thicker of figure than in the days when he had a seat in Congress, but he does not look a day older.

In reply to the question of a Herald reporter as to the national political outlook, Mr. Cable said:

"If the present era of good times continues it will be hard work to dislodge the Republicans from power in 1908. I think that the whole matter will be settled by the material condition of the nation at the time of the next campaign. It is rather a melancholy admission that in order to go Democratic the country will have to experience disaster.

"Still there are other things to be considered. There are millions of men who adhere to the grand principles of Thomas Jefferson, and who resent such an attack upon them as Secretary Root made in his recent speech. The idea of sovereign States being reduced to mere names, and shorn of power, and of having all the authority of government centralized at Washington, is detestable and so contrary to the belief of the great mass of Americans that no man who advocates it will get the indorsement of any considerable number of voters."

Capt. Patrick Henry, of Arkansas, who is at the Ebbitt, is a worthy bearer of a distinguished name. He has represented the Mississippi River Improvement Association at the Capital for many years, and is authority on all matters pertaining to the betterment of that great stream. He believes that the recent Rivers and Harbors Congress here did much to enlighten the country on the merits of more liberal appropriations for the nation's waterways.

"Buffalo Bill," as Capt. Cody's friends invariably style him, was a conspicuous figure in the Willard lobby last evening. He is looking in tip-top health, and told a Herald reporter that any man will stay young-looking until he is ninety years old if he will only go horseback riding regularly. His own fine condition he attributes to that exercise. The great scout had a fine business with his Wild West Show in every part of Europe that he visited the past season, and in the Old World they regard him as the king of showmen.

Friends of Mrs. T. E. Roessle, widow of the former well-known proprietor of the Arlington Hotel, will be glad to know of her return to the city, after a long sojourn in Paris.

Also Its Ups and Downs.

From the Dallas News.

The toper knows all about reel life.